



Scripts.com

The Company Men

By John Wells

It's going to come up
in conversations...
where people say "You
remember when..."
the closing of California's
IndyMac Bank has resulted in
what could turn out to be the most
costly bank failure in U.S. history.
DOW has dropped more
than 800 points...
and it's not clear the crisis is over.
Last night there was an emergency
meeting in Washington.
The leaders of Congress were told
the Nation's financial system
was facing imminent collapse.
are losing their jobs.
Good morning.

Hey.
Hey, do I have any messages?
Wilcox want to see you. She's
in the fifth floor conference room.
Shot an eighty-six at
the club this morning.
She said it was important.
Sally Wilcox thinks
everything's important.
Thank you.

Anyone want to take
a guess at what
I shot at the club this morning?
Go ahead, take a shot.
Just...

No?
Oh, no you didn't, Bob!
Yes, I really did.
It's true.
What happened, somebody die?
Conal?

They closed Mobile
and Newport News.
They merged Ship Systems
into Rail Products.
How many?

Conal, your wife is on one.

Hi, honey.

- Three thousand at the shipyards.

Rumor is, another
couple hundred here.

Uh, I've got some bad news.

What's going on?

Bobby, you know Dick
Landry from Legal.

The company's
consolidating divisions.

Difficult decisions
had to be made in...

areas where
redundancies surfaced.

We've structured a generous
severance package for you.

Your twelve years with
us entitles you to...

twelve weeks full
pay, and benefits.

You're firing me?

- Come on, Bobby, sit down.

We're also offering you
outplacement services...

to help you secure
your next employment.

Does Gene know about this?

- Please, sit.

You know what, Sally?

Fuck off!

Is Gene in here?

- He's in Chicago today.

We've reviewed our pipeline
of some 500 projects...

and programs. Focusing on those
with significant marketing...

opportunities,

jettisoning everything

that won't contribute

immediately to our profitability.

Selecting thirty-seven

as promising...

strategic growth programs,

and setting aside the rest
for future consideration.
Ned Haspel, JP Morgan.
Mr. McClary, you were talking
earlier about Fiscal 2011.
You've done a good job of
convincing us that with the...
credit markets frozen your
sales revenue in 2010
will slow--
- Great, then my job here is done!
Can you talk about
of a percentage increase
you anticipate?
We all like to talk
percentages, Ned.
Your people do, our people do.
Are you suggesting that
you aren't expecting...
any growth in your
division next year?
I'm suggesting that we face
increased foreign competition,
and a difficult credit market
for large capital expenditures -
like ship building.
So... no growth in 2011?
I am confident that while ship
building will remain challenged,
the rest of the
Transportation Systems
Group will continue
to make significant
contributions to growth at GTX
in the coming quarters.
Yes, in the back.
Honesty's the best policy?
Christ, could you just try to
be a little less candid for once?
So we're lying to
financial analysts now?
That the new profitability plan?
What do you want? More
inflated guidance so we...

can underperform in all four
quarters again next year?
our share price tomorrow.
Salinger is going to
blow a fucking gasket.
Oh shit...
Yeah.
- They...
...say who else is on the block?
Thanks for the sympathy, Phil.
Call you later, okay?
- Okay.
Did they say anything about me?
- What?
About my still having a job?
You know, I didn't ask.
I've been trying to reach you.
- This damn thing's dead.
Recharge it for me, will you?
- Phil's in there.
Make yourself right at home, Phil.
I won't go back to the factory floor!
I've got one kid in college,
another one going in the Fall.
What the hell are
you talking about?
You're shitting me!
He doesn't know?
Sally Wilcox let
some more people go.
Some! She fired
goddam everybody!
Did she fire you?
No, but I've been
hiding in here all day!
They closed Mobile
and Newport News.
Laid off most of the Ship
Systems Sales Group.
I won't let the bastards just
kick me out after 30 years.
I'll take an AK-47 to this
fuckin' place, first!
What were you going

to do? Let me...
read about it in
tomorrow's Journal?
We're in the middle
of something here--
You closed two of my ship yards?
Consolidating divisions has been
under discussion for months.
Yeah, and I told you
it was a shitty idea.
We took that opinion
into consideration.
It's my goddam division!
It's my goddam company!
Would you excuse us
for a moment, please.
Don't embarrass me like that...
- (scoffs) Embarrass you?
I'm gone one day and you
gut one of my divisions?
Stock's stalled, revenues are flat.
The entire economy is flat -
we're in the middle of a recession.
I only closed two of the ship yards,
I should have closed
all three of them.
Our stock is in the fucking toilet!
- Everybody's stock is in the toilet.
Well, the stockholders
would like to...
see their share value maximized.
Well, sell the fucking Degas.
Well, now, I heard you put on
quite a show in Chicago.
What'd you do? You told a
room full of analysts...
we weren't gonna generate
any growth next year?
Three thousand jobs?
Gene, we're not some shitty
little shipyard any more!
I'm not going to keep pouring
money into a losing operation.
We innovate, we re-tool--

Ah, American heavy
manufacturing is dead.
Steel, autos, your
precious ship building.
The future is in heathcare...
infrastructure and
power generation.
I have to be involved
in any decision...
that affects one of my divisions.
You wouldn't have
approved the cuts.
You'd have gone behind my back
to the Board again! Right...?
They were good people, Jim.
They're not our responsibility.
We work for the stockholders now!
Your dad's home?
Yeah.
Can you grab the rest of
these out of the trunk?
Hey!
What're you doing home?
- Making dinner.
We're going over to Jack's.
- That's tonight?
Dierdre's birthday.
I think it's gonna rain.
You know what? You
don't wanna come, fine.
Don't come!
Thanks, bud.
Drew, can you finish
that upstairs, please?
Can you put on clean
pair of jeans, please.
We're going over to your
Uncle Jack's for dinner.
Christ, you don't have to like him,
but you could pretend,
for my sake. I mean...
he doesn't like you either,
but at least he cares...
enough about me to not treat

you like a piece of shit.
They fired me.
What?
- They... fired me.
Today.
Sally Wilcox.
- Why?
Something about redundancies.
Gene said you were safe!
- Gene said a lot of things...
but he was nowhere
to be found today.
Bobby, you busted
your ass for them!
No, no, I'm sorry fuck them
and fuck Gene McClary...
and all his promises!
Something's burning.
Hey, I, uh...
I don't wanna tell
anybody, you know...
'til I get another job.
Alright?
Hey.
Where's your mom?
Headache.
Oh, Dad! They announced where
we're going for our senior trip.
Italy.
- Italy?
Wow! Boy, that's great.
I can go, right?
Yeah... Of course, sweetheart.
Phil?
- Yeah.
Oh, God.
Ann Doherty called.
- They fired Conal.
Are we okay?
- Yeah.
I should get ready.
- For what?
We've got Salinger's dinner.
Oh God, I completely forgot.

You don't have to come if
you're not feeling up to it.
Just gimme a minute
to put my face on.
Gene...? Where've you been?
The car's picking us
up in half-an-hour.
I really don't want to be late again.
Can we please try
not to be late again?
Stephanie finally found a table.
For the window? I like it.
George Hepplewhite
fruitwood table...
...With paint and inlay decorations.
Circa 1820, Price: \$ 16750.00
I'm coming.
Hi.
Hi, how are you? How you doing?
- Good, good, thanks.
How go the suit wars, Bobby?
- Alright, Jack.
Move any more high
paying American jobs...
offshore to Asian
shitholes this week?
Mostly focused on
union busting now.
You know how it is.
Surprised you could make it.
No early flight or golf game?
Those are the usual
excuses, aren't they?
Aww hey, Bobby.
- Hey! Birthday girl.
I can't believe you're thirty-five.
I mean, you don't look
a day over twenty-one.
Aww, see Jack, now
that's how it's done.
You're a liar Bobby,
but I love you for it.
You need to get back to
your post, barbecue boy.

Alright, alright.
Why don't you grab
yourself a drink, Bobby.
We got some margaritas
in the blender...
and we got some beers
out back in the cooler.
Thanks.
Now there's action!
Who better to present this year's
Man of the Year Award...
than the man who's known
him longer than anyone else.
Gene McClary is Executive
Vice-President...
of GTX Global
Transportation Systems.
He's also, I'm told, one of GTX's...
first employees. Gene McClary.
Thank you.
Actually, if memory serves,
I was GTX's only
employee at the time.
Nobody wanted Gloucester
Shipbuilding,
years of multi-million
dollar losses,
the highest labor
costs in the industry.
But from those
humble beginnings,
Jim was able to grow
Gloucester into GTX...
with sixty thousand employees
and eleven billion dollars
in gross annual revenue.
So it is my privilege to
introduce my oldest friend,
college roommate,
the best Man at my
wedding and the...
worst tennis player I ever met.
Ladies and Gentlemen.
My boss, Jim Salinger.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Without a doubt... you don't build a company like GTX without the support and leadership... of a man like Gene McClary. Executive offices.

Hi, Bobby Walker, GTX. Down on your left. Nice suit. Thanks.

- Orientation?

Yeah.

- That way.

Oh, thanks.

- Do "The Tiger" for me. What?

- Down the hall. Thanks.

First, let me tell you what outplacement is not. We're not an employment agency. We're here to help you help yourself. Now you all need to put together... a networking list of all your friends. That's suppliers, competitors, people you sat next to at a convention, neighbors, dentists. Anybody and everybody. You need a new resume. You're going... to be sending out hundreds, so make it good. Endings.

We're not used to them. Fear, anxiety, loss. How many of you are feeling these things? Endings, fear, change, and finally... Success.

Okay, everybody up. C'mon,
no use sitting around...
feeling sorry for ourselves. Up, UP.
This is called "The Tiger", we do
it when we need get our energy up.
I... Will... Win.
Why? I'll show you why!
Because I have-- Faith!
Courage! Enthusiasm!
Everybody this time.
No thanks.
- I... Will... Win.
Why?
Because I have-- Faith!
Courage! Enthusiasm!
Good. I... Will... Win.
Did Bobby Walker call back?
Yeah, last night.
- He leave a message?
Not one I'd care to repeat.
See if he can come
by for lunch today.
Stock's up six. Not bad.
My 401K is all GTX.
This continues, I may
get to retire before I'm eighty.
With Ship Systems
and Rail Products...
merging, we are reassigning
sales regions.
How are we doing with
Royal Caribbean?
They're nervous, don't
like seeing us...
on Bloomberg every
fifteen minutes.
Well calm 'em down,
we need that boat.
How're we supposed
to cover the same...
number of accounts
with half the staff?
I'm already gone two
weeks out of four,

what am I supposed
to tell my kids?
Tell 'em you're lucky
you still have a job.
Inactive accounts.
I want to know what
we're going to do to...
get the business back.
Client by client.
It's taken.
Alright.
Hey.
Come in here.
- Thanks.
Appreciate it.
Friendly bunch.
- You are the enemy.
Another warm body they
gotta claw their way over
to get back to the
corporate food trough.
And yet, you're not threatened.
I'm a very secure individual.
Besides, you do not
look like an engineer.
MBA?
- Yeah.
If you knew your way around
a guided missile system,
I'd have shove an ice pick
into the base of your skull.
Damn right.
Your previous employer
has spared no expense.
Fax machine, Xerox, coffee.
How was your orientation?
I felt like someone was
going to shave my head...
and make me beat a drum.
What... uh, what do you gotta do to...
get yourself in one
of those offices?
Your company has to pay
extra for one of those.

Exec V.P.'s and above, mostly.
That corner one has an
Eastman-Kodak CFO in it.
How long they give you?
Three months full salary, four...
months outplacement.
How about you?
Nine months of both.
I've been here four.
It won't take me more
than a few days.
No offense.
None taken.
Sorry I'm late,
how you holding up?
- Good.
Maggie all right?
Yeah, she's great, we're fine.
Glenlivet, rocks.
It wasn't my call, Bobby.
Salinger's under a lot of pressure
to boost the stock price...
before someone buys
in and makes...
him break up the company.
We'd lose a lot more
jobs in a merger...
than we have in this downsizing.
You trying to appeal to my sense
of the greater corporate good?
I've been calling in some markers.
Tom Borden over at Lockheed,
Pat Leahy at Raytheon...
You oughta recognize
most of them.
Come on, let's get
something to eat.
No thanks. I've lost my appetite.
Take the names, Bobby.
Don't bother
reassigning my accounts.
I'm gonna steal them
back from you when
I get a job with the competition.

Hey.

- Hey.

Hey.

- Hey.

How'd it go?

- Great.

Yup?

- Yeah.

Alright.

I had lunch with Gene,

he gave me some names.

That's big of him.

Yeah, I mean, he didn't have
to do anything, ya know.

Yeah.

What, what is all this?

Uh, our mortgage is
resetting next month.

With that, and the... paying
off the orthodontist...

and last summers

Disneyworld trip,

we don't have much

of a cushion left.

We don't need a cushion.

The Porsche payments, the credit
cards, your Patriots tickets.

I told you, I'm splitting the
Pats tickets with Darryl this year.

Okay, well, just eating
out and doing the damn...

dry cleaning is costing us
six hundred bucks a month.

I was thinking maybe I
could go back to work.

Nuh-uh.

Not full-time, just
a few shifts a week.

No.

General Sales Manager,

I called Brian Collins,

I'm gonna have breakfast
with him next week.

Okay, but we're gonna

need to cut back.
Cancel skiing at Christmas, stop
paying the club dues for a while...
If things get really bad,
I can bag groceries...
I can be on the corner--
- Don't be a jerk. Okay? Just--
No more big purchases.
Just eat at home more.
Hello...
Hey, Kevin. Yeah.
Yeah, let me get him for
you, he's right here.
What?
He read about the
layoffs in the paper.
So what?
- You gonna tell him?
No, I'm not goig to tell
him, because I don't...
need a lecture on paternal
responsibility right now.
Hey, Dad. What's going on?
No, that's... that's
all manufacturing.
They tried to offer me the C.E.O.
job, I had to turn them down---
I come bearing gifts; Glenfiddich.
Nice!
- Ah, it better be.
Strick sent it over. That bastard...
That's Alaska.
- Yeah.
God dammit, Gene,
those were good times.
The best.
Well... you and Cynthia
thinking about joining us...
at Sun Valley for New
Years again this year?
I don't know if we can,
Liam's been talking about...
coming home for Christmas
with Susan and the kids--

Ah hell, bring them along,
Grandpa! Kay would...
probably think she'd
died and gone to heaven
with a bunch of kids
running around.
I can't have you challenging
me in front of senior staff.
They respect you. If you question...
my judgement you
undermine my authority.
I need to know, can I count
on your full support?
Good.
You okay?
I had lunch with
Bobby Walker today.
I thought he was going to
throw a drink in my face.
You were his boss
Gene, not his father.
Sue and I were thinking
about sneaking down to
Palm Beach for a weekend
later on this month.
You know, some
shopping, some golf.
Think you can get us one
of the corporate jets?
Fine, we'll fly commercial.
Stock closed up two today.
My options are worth
half-a-million dollars...
more than when I woke
up this morning.
Need me to stay, Mr. Woodward?
Ah... No thanks, Nan.
See you tomorrow.
Don't even think about
eating all the candy...
you get at school.
Three pieces, that's it.
You look disgusting.
You know that?

So, I called Bridget
and made an appointment.

Who?

- The realtor.

I think we should at least list it.

See if we get any offers.

- We're not gonna sell the house.

Well, we don't need

to accept an offer,

and with the market so bad...

it might take a while to sell it.

You know... if we get stuck.

We're not going to get stuck.

How do I look?

- Highly employable.

Okay.

Bridget?

C'mon, we're not

gonna sell the house.

Have a good day.

- Okay.

Alright Brit, give

me a call next week,

I should have an answer for you.

Alright, who's next?

- Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker, Joyce Robertson.

Sorry to keep you waiting.

Would you mind if I have

something to eat here?

I have another meeting

right after you.

Go right ahead.

So, it looks like you worked

for GTX for twelve years.

I did, Divisional Sales Leader

for three of those years.

Well, I'm surprised they let you go.

- You and me, both.

Have you handled regional sales?

I came up in regional sales. I...

worked for Martin-Marietta

in California.

Well, we're looking to

expand in the South;...
we need someone in Little Rock.
In Arkansas?
Is relocation a problem?
- Ah, no, no.
I had hoped to stay here,
because I'm from the area--
You left the salary space
blank on your application.
Well, you know,
that's a negotiation.
I was making 120 at
GTX, plus incentives,
but I know that times
are different now...
and I'd be willing to accept
Well, our base salary is
sixty-five thousand a year for
regional sales directors.
I responded to an ad for the
Vice-President of Marketing.
Well, we've had a number of highly...
qualified applicants
for that position.
I'M a highly qualified
applicant for that position!
I'm a HIGHLY qualified
applicant for that position!
Excuse me, I'm sorry. I must have
had too many cups of coffee
while I was sitting in your fucking
waiting room for two hours.
Thanks for your time, Joyce.
And just between the two of us...
you can probably
skip the Diet Cokes.
They're not helping.
Jim's worried, thinks
we're a target.
Lipton can get together
that kind of...
money in the middle
of a recession, huh?
It's what he does.

- So then what, he splits us up?
Sell off the health care unit,
rail products, close Gloucester.
He'll still have
consumer electronics...
and the turbine and
defense departments.
Whamo, we're a bargain.
You know, one more quarter,
Lipton will be able to
put together enough
Gloucester weight to proxy battle.
Install his own damn board.
Jim's not gonna give up
without a fight, though.
I'm sure he's already got
somebody out there looking for
a white knight.
Keets, maybe Roberts,
somebody with deep pockets.
What?
Nothing.
Tell me more about
capital depreciations...
of manufacturing assets.
It's my office.
I've got senior staff at three-thirty.
Reschedule.
I can't.
How about lunch
again next Tuesday?
I don't think so.
Hi, Jonas Geller, please.
Robert Walker.
Nope, doesn't know me.
Mike Talbot recommended
me from Unicore.
He said Mr. Geller
may have an opening...
for a senior sales associate.
Okay, that's too bad.
It's okay, not the first
time I've heard it.
Bye-bye.

Sixty-five dollars an hour for...
oil rig workers in
the North Atlantic.
Another thousand a
week if you've got...
your commercial deep
sea certification!
Doesn't everybody?
- I got mine last year at the Y.
Six of clubs on the
Seven of hearts.
Sally Wilcox please...
Construction, hazardous waste
removal, aircraft mechanic.
Thank god I got my
Doctorate, huh?
Hey, is she in? It's
Bob Walker calling.
He's calling her again.
- Hi, Sally.
Bob Walker. Thanks for not
return any of my phone calls.
If you do return my
call, I would love...
to know why you fired me
without any notice, you
fucking cowardly bitch.
Gee, I wonder why she
never calls you back?
It feels good, though.
You know what I think?
It's quitting time.
Quitting time? It's 3:30!
A man can only take
so much rejection.
I'm thirsty. Who's coming?
Conal?
Sure, why not?
- I'm in.
Alright, why not?
I know... if you two are
going, it's gonna be good!
Lipton bought how much?
SEC filing says 3.8 percent.

Hard hats gentlemen.
He's just trying to goose our stock.
He gets it up ten a share,
he walks away with...
a couple hundred million in profit.
Lipton wants more than a couple...
hundred million, he
wants the company.
Well, our share price
is still too low.
It's making us a very
tempting target.
Paul, your office is over there.
- Whole floor legal?
No. This is just for the five of us.
CFOs office. David,
Noah, you are over here.
Conference rooms.
Private dining rooms.
Bathrooms with
showers. Gym, kitchen.
Gene! Come here.
This is you.
Well, don't get too excited,
my office is going
to be much bigger.
Well, what do you think?
- It's beautiful!
This is amazing!
(muffled) floor to
ceiling glass. Heck, if...
you look that way, you can
see all the way to Boston.
Hey, help me.
Help? You need Help?
- Yeah.
How you doing?
- You smell like a brewery.
How does that happen?
What's Drew doing?
Waiting for you.
- Me? Why?
I think he's worried about you.
Wait up!

- Okay.

What's going on out here, bud?

I'm not a baby,

I can handle stuff.

I lost my job.

What'd you think it was?

- You and mom maybe.

Me and mom are alright.

You'll get another one, right?

Yeah.

Hey, you don't have to

worry about me, okay?

Hey, look at me.

You don't have to worry

about me, alright?

I'm your dad.

I'm gonna be fine, okay?

Billionaire investor

Arthur Lipton today...

stepped up his campaign

for changes at GTX,

Issuing a letter to shareholders

accusing executives

of mismanagement,

and demanding new--

What does it all mean?

- Nothing good.

You need something, Phil?

We lost Royal Caribbean.

Do we have any cranberry jelly?

Let me help you with that.

Okay.

How's business, Jack?

- Business? Well, we...

We've got a big renovation

in Roxbury, next to that

house I did last year. Nice bonus

when I finish by September.

If you finish by September.

Whenever you're ready

to plumb the place,

give me a call, got

a special on Kohler.

How's work, Bobby?

Great, Jack.
Line up more dollar-a-day
Laotian preschoolers
to stitch tennis shoes
for you in Bangkok?
I'm in manufacturing, Jack.
Dollar-a-day Laotian preschoolers
aren't tall enough to
turn the screws on a
deisel engine, so...
You know, I was
reading about your guy
Salinger in the
Globe the other day.
Do you read now? Good.
- When they use small words.
Said he made seven
hundred times...
what average GTX
worker made last year.
What do you think?
Salinger working...
seven hundred times
harder than a welder
pounding hot rivets into
a tanker hold all day?
Why don't we say Grace
so the kids can start?
Carson, would do the honors?
Dear God, thank you for the food
and for letting us be together
on Thanksgiving, and
everbody being okay.
And please help my dad find a job
so he won't be
unhappy all the time.
Amen.
Okay.
It's a nice table, Fran.
Thank you.
You know, if things
get tough, I could...
always use some extra
help this winter.

Hanging drywall?
Yeah, there'll be lots
of work. We've got...
four thousand square feet,
we're gutting the place-
Thanks Jack, I don't exactly see...
myself pounding nails,
though. Ya know.
Appreciate it.
Your husband's such a dick.
Goldman Sachs is doing due
diligence for Lipton and
Skadden Arps is snooping around
for somebody, maybe Allied,
maybe Siminov's Baltic
Global out of Moscow.
What's the top price Bater'll pay?
Well, Lipton's put the
market value at one hundred-
Alright, so we need to
get the stock to 102.
That's seventeen more a share.
- Yeah, I can add Noah.
We're already in danger of
missing our quarterly.
We start fooling around
and miss our numbers again--
No, we don't need to get the
stock to a hundred. We...
get it in the mid-nineties,
it'll show a positive trend.
How are we supposed to
boost the share price again?
Increased efficiencies,
lowering costs.
More downsizing,
suppose we try that...
stunt again and the
stock stalls at ninety?
Increasing market
value isn't a "stunt".
We should at least
consider alternatives.
How about selling

the Healthcare group?
What!
Maybe Lipton's right.
Gene, c'mon, healthcare's the only
division that's
exhibiting any growth!
I'm not breaking up the company.
All right, how about selling
the new headquarters building?
We're gonna need that space.
Not if we keep firing
people, we're not.
I'm not selling the new building!
Get a hold of Human
Resources, have...
them start making up a list
for another round of downsizing.
Jim... Jim...! Wait a minute, Jim!
Could you guys give us a minute?
What do you want me to do,
parrot back everything you say?
I've always told you what I thought,
right or wrong. And
this... is wrong.
I'm late for a meeting.
We're not gonna be able to
make the mortgage next month.
I talked to Bridget. She thinks
if we price the house low enough,
we might be able to
get as much as...
eight hundred and
fifty thousand for it.
That's less than we've got in it.
Yeah... it doesn't matter
how much we got in it.
Your severance ends
in three weeks.
We're going to end
up in foreclosure.
We won't have enough money
to put down on another house.
We're not going to be
able to qualify for...

another house on just
my salary, anyway.

Okay.

So where we gonna end up?

We gonna pitch a tent in the park?

Yeah.

- Okay.

We can move in with your folks.

No.

- They have two extra bedrooms-

Maggie, we're not

living with my parents.

It'd just be temporary.

I choose death. I opt for death.

No, I'd have to kill myself first.

Jack said he offered you a job the...

other day and you shut

him down pretty hard.

Can you imagine that?

Me working for your brother?

He was just trying to help.

How? By letting me hang drywall?

Well, you'd get back

into great shape.

Callouses, a tan.

- In the middle of winter?

Big, broad shoulders...

from carrying all

that heavy lumber...

I gotta get up early, baby.

Bobby Walker keeps

leaving me messages.

My assistant thinks he's psychotic,

wants me to get a

restraining order.

I'm sure you've gotten worse.

So what do you think?

You gonna get away...

for a day or two for

skiing at Christmas?

I don't know, I'll have to see.

Did Hansen get you started

on that new list yet?

I was at the meeting, Sally.

Yesterday.

- How many?

How many?

- Five thousand.

Well, what is the criteria
for getting canned this time?

Gary Hunt's put on a few pounds,
maybe we should let him go.

And I hear Jill Carter has cancer.

We could save a bundle on
her insurance premiums!

Sally.

Ho, the billionaire boy's club,
how's the plotting going?

Warren Buffet still safe on
top of the Fortune 500 list?

How's the job search
going, Bobby?

Good, actually, not
bad. They're out there.

Mr. Connors, your
group's on the first tee.

Ready to get your
ass kicked, Eric?

Let's go!

....Mr. Walker?

Can I speak to you for a moment?

Hey, what the hell's going on?

I just got thrown off
the course at the club.

Keep your voice down.

We haven't paid the
dues since October?

I haven't been paying
a lot of things.

I look like a fucking deadbeat!

This is real, Bobby.

This is happening. To us.

You're wandering around like
you're in some sort of a daze.

What, you're playing golf?

Getting your Porsche detailed?

Maggie, I need to look
successful. Okay?

I can't just look like
another asshole with resume.
You are just another
asshole with resume!
I cut them a check for the balance.
Cancel it.

- No.

We can't afford it.

- No.

I should've been honest
with you about the club,
but you haven't been
honest with me.

We're not going to
need these, are we?

I thought we'd have a
little rummage sale-
You need to get a job, any job.

I can't do this alone, Bobby.

I know. I'm out there
playing golf. In two...

weeks I won't be able
to support my family.

Things are going to
get great again.

No.

- We can get through this!

Things aren't going to
be great again. Okay?

I'm trying to get a job.

I've been out there every day.

For three months
trying to get a job.

I haven't had one offer.

I've been to everybody we know.

And a lot of people I
don't. And I have begged.

I've fucking begged!

For a lead, anything.

There's thousands of
new MBAs out there.

No mortgage, no kids, work
ninety hour work weeks.

For nothing.

You want honesty, Maggie?
I'm a thirty-seven year
old unemployed loser
who can't support his family.
Okay, look. You are
going to find a job.
Working for people who know
how lucky they are to have you.
When did it all go to shit?
- It hasn't turned to shit.
You have Drew, and Carson,
and your parents and me.
Okay? You have me.
We're still at least
seventy-five short.
What about Debra Hayes,
Senior Director...
of Accounting, Maritime Sales?
Debra Hayes has ten years with the...
company and outstanding
evaluations.
She also has a husband
with a successful law practice
and two kids who would be...
delighted to have
mommy at home.
She's sixty, I doubt her kids
are still living at home,
much less calling her "Mommy."
Phil Woodward's back on this list.
He fits the criteria.
- Wasn't talking to you, Dick.
He's grossly overpaid
and just blew...
a five hundred million dollar deal--
What are you, deaf?
Shut the fuck up!
This list is still preliminary, Gene.
I'm looking and all I see are
people who are over fifty,
with just enough
young ones thrown...
in to protect us against litigation.
I'm confident all of

these dismissals...
will stand up to
outside legal scrutiny.
What about ethical scrutiny?
We're not breaking any laws, Gene.
I guess I always assumed
we were trying...
for a higher standard than that,
Paul.

Mr. Walker?

Troy Thayer.

Have a seat.

Thanks for seeing me.

- Sure.

A GTX casualty.

- Yeah.

How you holding up?

- Good, thanks.

Dan Mass gave you a
great recommendation.

MBA. You went to school
at State college?

Undergrad, yeah.

- My wife went to Penn.

Really?

- Loved it.

You willing to work
for ninety a year,
plus commission and bonus?

Ah... yeah.

Well, the good news is
that we're growing fast,
and there's plenty of
head room around here.

So, I can't promise you anything,
but with Dan's recommendation
and your resume, you seem
like the right fit for the job.

Thanks.

Ho!

Who's winning?

- Who knows?

Hey, how'd it go?

- The interview?

It was good. Good.
Yeah, we're getting
our asses kicked.
You can take my place.
Blue! Thirty-two!
Bob Walker for Troy Thayer.
That's okay.
I'm actually just calling
in regards to a position.
Sure,
Northeast Regional Sales Manager.
It has.
Thank you very much.
What's that?
- My last pay check.
So at the end of this hour
long rant we all turn...
to the translator and the
guy says, "Mr. Lan say no."
This guy kept babbling
on and on and on.
Mr. Lin said... wait,
you were at a banquet
with nine meat soup?
Yeah. I didn't know they
had nine meats in China.
I didn't either,
can you name them?
Well, beef, pork,
chicken, shark fin--
Gene.
Hey Phil, grab a drink.
Gene!
Relax, Phil. Grab a
drink man, is a party.
Sally Wilcox just fired me.
Find Sally Wilcox and tell her to
get her ass up here right now!
She's already in your office.
You fired Phil Woodward.
Hire him back.
- Gene, please.
Goddam Sally, we
talked about this.

Gene!

You too?

Ah, fuck 'em!

They think this is tough?

I worked hull assembly at
Gloucester, remember Gene?

Try spot-welding inside a
thirty-six inch propeller shaft,
sixty hours a week.

You will never guess who's
in Joanna's office.

Gene McClary's favorite
ass-kisser, Phil Woodward.

Your resume's very
impressive, Phil.

Thank you.

You started on the factory floor,
not many people can
claim that any more.

You want to get rid
of all the ancient...
stuff, anything pre-nineties.

Instead of listing
the number of years...
you held each position at GTX,
indicate your title
and responsibilities.

And here, where you've noted your
military service, don't say Vietnam.

Combat infantryman is
impressive enough.

You smoke, Phil?

- Occasionally.

Quit. Employers don't want
employee health problems
ratcheting up their
insurance premiums, Phil.

And you might want to think
about dying your hair.

Getting rid of some of the grey.

Do we know each other?

Excuse me?

- You keep using my first name.

I'm not the enemy, Phil.

You're pushing sixty
and you look like hell.
You're going to have a
rough time out there.
Could you show me to
my office, please?
You got a window.
Company had to pay extra for that.
Least the pricks could do.
How's the best damn
salesman on the East Coast?
Unemployed.
- Yes, lot of that going around.
Dress code pretty lax around here?
You should see casual Fridays.
Hello? Yeah.
I talked with somebody else
from your company last week,
and they said I wasn't
going to have to...
make another payment
on that this month.
Look, I don't know what
you want me to do.
I can lie to you, tell you
I'm writing you a check,
and I'm gonna put it in the
mail, and you'll have it right away.
Okay? I'm going to write
you a check right now,
I'm going to put it in the mail,
and you'll have it
tomorrow, how's that sound?
Terrific, outstanding!
Look forward to it.
Which one, American Express?
The mortgage.
Yvette asked me if I could
work tomorrow night.
That's New Year's Eve.
- Double-time.
Dad?
- Yeah?
Can you drive me over to Kyle's?

No, I'm busy now, okay? C'mon!
C'mon Drew. Hey, why don't
you play Guitar Hero?
Halo? Why don't
you play some Xbox?
Okay Bobby, hang on a sec...
Come here. Hey, Drew!
Hey! Drew!
Dammit, there's a fucking
Nor-Easter outside.
Kid's pissed off because I
won't drive him to Cotuit...
to visit the Matlock's,
right when he wants me to.
We just bought him
the damn thing for
Christmas, and he's
already bored with it?
He doesn't have
the Xbox any more.
Why? What happened to it?
- He gave it back.
What?
- He knew we couldn't afford it.
He asked me if he could,
and I said yes.
He's right. We can't afford it.
I need a job, Jack.
Don't think you're gonna
be needing that just yet.
Nice tool belt.
Keep 'em coming, Bob.
Hey, Bobby.
Yeah?
- Grab two this time.
Lunch.
- Oh, where we going?
They're new. That's why
you're getting blisters.
Thanks.
Here.
- Appreciate it.
Hey. You want to come
down for dinner?

I want you to take
a gun and shoot me.
Just shoot me.
Oh, let me see.
Let me get the neosporin.
I hate your brother,
I fucking hate him.
I don't think I can go back.
- Sure you can.
Too thin, add another
sack to the mix.
Easy work, huh Bobby?
Pretty much like moving
cost reports from...
the in-box to the
out-box, am I right?
Didn't say nothing.
What do you have planned today?
Not much.
Ed and Dana invited us
to dinner tonight.
Who?
- My old friends.
Seven thirty.
Pick up a nice bottle
of Pinot when you go out, okay?
Okay.
Hi, Phil Woodward. I have an---
Just sign in and take a seat.
Hell Jack, you hear that?
Bob gets twelve weeks pay, when
they fucking shit-canned him.
My uncle Tommy worked for the
phone company nineteen years.
They laid him off ten months
short of lifetime medical.
They hire him back,
like four months later.
Half his old wages, no benefits.
What's this?
- It's your paycheck.
Hey, Jack? There's an
extra two hundred in this.
I must have made a mistake, Bob.

You going to be alright
sleeping in the...

same room as your
sister for a while?

Sure.

All tucked in?

- Yeah, Dad.

I couldn't wait to
get out of this house.

My parents, the
neighborhood, the church.

I was going to be the CEO.

She seems nice, Dad.

Good with kids.

She have any of her own?

- Hey.

What? Never too late to start.

Think you and Susan could
get away for a week in June?

We've rented a house
out on Stonewall Beach.

June? Maybe...

So, you keeping busy?

Yeah, I've been asked join a
couple boards. Dynex, Procar.

You going to do it?

- I don't know, I think I'm...

I think I'm tired of board rooms.

Why don't you start
a consulting firm?

Yeah?

- Sure.

There is always somebody
out there willing to...
pay an opinionated old bastard
for some shitty advice.

So what do you say to
the Vineyard in June?

Your mother will be okay.

You two talking?

She's having a pretty rough time.

She's talking about
selling the house.

Look Daddy, I found another egg!

Where's Mike?

- He got busted again.

For what?

Drunk and disorderly, assault.

He managed to take a swing
at one of the cops, too.

Nice.

Bobby?

- Yeah.

You still have your tool belt?

- Yeah.

Why don't you grab it.

- Alright!

Oh, Jesus!

I thought I had it measured right.

You gotta rip out all this
shit before Jack sees it.

The whole thing?

- Yeah, all of it.

Use your speed

square as a spacer.

Get it on two points...

Gimme that!

Alright?

You got it?

- Yeah.

You got it?

- Yeah.

You finally done?

- That side, yeah.

Jesus Christ, that's ugly.

If you need another guy, I know
somebody who could use a job.

Yeah? Well whoever it is, let's
hope he isn't as slow as you are.

Okay.

He ever sing on key?

- Nope.

What're you doing?

Ah, getting drunk.

I called outplacement, to see
if you wanted to have lunch.

They said you haven't been
coming in much lately.

Oh, yeah?

- A couple of weeks now.

No kidding?

Miss?

What'd you say I give
you a ride home?

Can't go home.

Lorna doesn't want the
neighbors to know that I got fired,
so I can't show up until after six.

Makes me haul my briefcase
back and forth, too.

You see the Journal this morning?

They listed how much
CEOs made last year.

Know who was
seventeenth on the list?

James Salinger, GTX.

Want to go to the movies?

Take you to a matinee.

I'm sure they still have matinees.

We can get a bucket of popcorn,
couple of those big colas.

Hey, Daddy.

Hey, beautiful.

What're you smiling at?

A man called today from
Chicago. Fred Munder?

He said he was
impressed with your...

resume, wants you
to give him a call.

His phone number's over there.

Detroit is where he's based,
the guy's a headhunter.

I just thought the
job was in Boston.

It is in Boston. I'm going to go
there, I'm going to stay at Motel 6.

Okay? I'm going to eat
very inexpensively.

The job is a Vice-President
of Sales and Marketing
with extensive experience

in transportation.

This is it, this is me, this is my job.

I don't know what else I can

look for, this is the one!

Excuse me, I have an appointment

with Frederick Munder,

Robert Walker.

Mr. Walker?

- Yes.

I'm Jane Nefeld, Mr.

Munder's assistant.

Hi.

You say you have an appointment?

Yes, at 10.

- I don't see it.

I spoke to Mr. Munder myself, so...

Friday at 10.

We talked two days ago.

Oh, my. He has you down for

next Friday, the seventeenth.

Can you come back next week?

- I flew in from Boston.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

I don't mind just sitting

in the waiting room.

Or I can come back

this afternoon, my...

flight doesn't leave until tonight.

Mr. Munder is in

Dallas on business.

He won't be back

'til next Wednesday.

Hey, sorry I'm late.

Got caught on a call.

No problem, I got a drink.

Looks good. I'll have

what he's having.

Hang on, you know you want?

I'll have the Cobb, no bacon.

Ah... rib-eye,

medium-rare, with fries.

Sorry to rush things, I have to get...

back for a staff a

meeting at one thirty.

You look great, you losing weight?
Oh yeah, well, dying my hair.
So how are you doing?
- I'm fine,
sending out a lot of resumes.
You're lucky to be out of it.
Word on the street is you're
looking for a foreign exec.
You have someone
to recommend?
Yeah, me.
It's international, all travel.
I have extensive
overseas experience.
I'm sure you do.
You mind my asking,
how old are you, Phil?
You're not worried I'll sue?
I wouldn't hire anyone
over thirty for that job.
It's a killer.
Out of the country five
out of every six weeks.
Travel's not a problem.
Why don't you cash it
in? Shit, I would.
Go lie on a beach.
I can't afford to go
lie on a fucking beach.
I can't recommend you
for the job, Phil.
They'd laugh me out of the office.
Lorna's pretty worried about you,
has you wrapped around
a tree someplace.
Sons of bitches!
Motherfuckers!
Tom Brady couldn't
hit that building...
from here on his best day.
Sarah's tuition for Brown is due.
I write the check, I
can't make the mortgage.
Hell, I could...

- No, you stop it.
You know the worst part?
The world didn't stop.
The newspaper still
came every morning,
the automatic sprinklers
shut off at six,
Jeff next door still
washed his car every Sunday.
My life ended,
and nobody noticed.
Hey, Bobby.
- Yeah.
Boss says it's quitting time.
- Alright.
Where's Jack?
Still working. Come on, I'm buying.
What's he doing?
He's working late, to make
the completion deadline.
To get the bonus.
- He doesn't want our help?
He can't pay us.
- He could pay us out of the bonus.
He needs the bonus to break even.
He underbid to get the job to keep
us working through the winter.
Can Maggie give
Sally a ride home?
We used to make something here.
Back before we got
lost in the paperwork.
At one time we had a
frigate right here.
Back there, a guided
missile cruiser.
Phil started out here
in hull assembly.
He was a skinny little
bastard, fearless.
He'd hang upside down
all day long in...
a bosuns chair, seventy feet off the
shop floor, welding

an inside seam.
I mean... Jesus!
Two thousand men a shift,
three shifts a day.
Six thousand men earned an
honest wage in that room.
Fed their kids, bought homes,
Made enough to send
their kids to college,
and buy a second car.
Building something
they could see.
Not just figures on
a balance sheet,
but a ship. They could
see, smell, touch.
Those men knew their worth,
they knew who they were.
One day you're making
fifty dollars,
the next day five thousand,
and then one day five million.
You start out with a crazy plan,
take insane risks,
barely make enough money
to feed your family.
not a chance in hell
you're going to succeed.
Then all of a sudden, you've got all...
these things and you're
terrified of losing them.
Stock options, corporate jets,
vacation homes in the Bahamas.
You know? Truth is I liked
five hundred dollar lunches,
and five thousand
dollar hotel suites.
Now everything I spent
thirty years trying...
to build for myself and
everybody else is...
Gone.
I'm sorry, Maggie.
- For what?

For everything.

For letting you down.

- You haven't let me down.

Yeah, I did.

You were never here before.

And now you are.

I think the dryer vent's clogged,

I'm going to go take a look.

Hey, Bobby.

- Yeah.

It can wait.

Hello, Jim.

Gene, how you been?

Not good. I was recently
fired by my best friend.

We missed you at the funeral.

I was sorry to hear about Phil.

How's Lorna holding up?

We built something

here, Jim. Together.

Together; wasn't just you, wasn't
just me, it was all of us.

They got a paycheck every week.

Medical if they got sick,
disability if they got hurt.

Hell, it's a business, not a charity.

Who took home twenty
two million last year,
and these people have
lost their homes,
their marriages, the
respect of their children.

We did what the market
required of us to survive!

The board accepted
Allied's bid last night.

Thirty-nine billion at
ninety-seven a share.

I'm sorry.

- Don't be.

My shares are worth
six hundred million.

Congratulations.

What are yours worth, Gene?

I have to get to work.
Give me that ball.
Give me the ball.
Play your position, all right?
You're in trouble now, kid!
Hey, Bobby.
- Yeah.
Gene McClary is on the phone,
something about a job.
Get some more eighteen inch
sinkers, I'll be right back.
What are you waiting for?
Working Sundays now?
Deirdre says you've been
out here every weekend.
You losing money
on this job, Jack?
A bit.
- Because of me?
Sometimes I'm up,
sometimes I'm down.
It all comes out in the end.
I got a call from a
guy today, I used to work for.
He offered me a job.
- Yeah, decent pay?
Eighty.
- Thousand?
It's half of what I used to make.
The world's a fucked-up place.
Actually I was thinking about
staying on with you, Jack.
At my old job I was
scared all the time...
Quarterly cost reports,
young guys coming up.
Losing an account, or
who's getting ahead of me.
Can I be honest with you, Bobby?
- Yeah.
You should take that job,
you're a shitty carpenter.
Christ, can't they make these
damn things any lighter?

I can't pay you for today.
Guess we better get
started, then. Huh?
I... will... win. Why?
Why?
Because I have faith!
Courage! Enthusiasm!
I... will... win.
Why?
Because I have faith!
Courage! Enthusiasm!
I... will... win.
Why?
Because I have faith!
Courage! Enthusiasm!
Can we get a pencil sharpener?
- Sure.
The kind with the crank?
Oh, the old fashioned
kind. I love those!
McClary Maritime Associates.
- Well...
Well, we don't have
any associates yet,
but what the hell, it sounds good.
The printer's from
the dark ages, I'll...
stop by Staples tomorrow
and get a new one.
Okay.
Nice office.
- It's not much.
If I make the overhead the
first year, I'll be happy.
I ran into Ben Wilson
the other day, he...
said that you were going
out to possible investors.
Yeah, I'm going to make
a move for Gloucester.
The shipyards?
- Yeah.
Allied doesn't want it,
nobody's got the skilled labor.

I'll just renegotiate
with the unions,
start slow, see if it'll grow...
You think there's
a business there?
Any time for lunch, Tuesday?
No.
I sat in rooms, and talked about
how to destroy people's lives.
I thought I could do
more from the inside,
save a few jobs here and there...
if I didn't do it,
somebody else would.
Keep me in mind for
a possible associate.
I think I may be looking for a job.
Say hello to Gene for me.
- How do I look?
Highly employable.
Go on, you don't want to be late.
Come here.
- I love you.
I love you.
All right, I hope you had your
fill of sitting around...
the house all day watching
"The Price Is Right".
It's time to get working, now.
Don't complain about the
luxury accommodations here.
Gene's basically kick starting
this thing on his AmEx card.
You want to impress a client,
take them to the Upper Crust,
buy them a slice.
Diane, you need to do some
seller financing and...
long term lease backs for
our in-state competitors.
So run financials on our
old customers, vendors,
capital expenditure
budgets, future needs.

You got it.

Okay.

Conal, we need our
union guys back.

How many?

- I don't know.

A hundred? Something like
that, start with the local,
see who is available.

I'm betting everyone.

Mechanics, machinists,
fabricators, welders, engineers,
start with the crew chiefs.

If we work as hard
in here every day,
as we did trying to get a job,
we're going to be alright.

What's the worst
thing they can do?

Fire us?